no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her follie, for I will be horribly in loue with her, I may chaunce haue some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on me, because I haue railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meate in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quippes and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the carreere of his humor? No, the world must be peopled. When I saide I woulde die a batchеller, I did not think I should liue til I were married, here comes Beatrice: by this day, shees a faire lady, I doe spie some markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beatr. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire Beatrice, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had bin painful I would not haue come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea iust so much as you may take vppon a knives point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no stomach signior, fare you well. *exit.*

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner: theres a double meaning in that: I took no more paines for those thanks thē you took pains to thank me, thats as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks: if I do not take pitty of her I am a villaine, if I do not loue her I am a Iew, I will go get her picture, *exit.*

Enter Hero and two Gentlewomen, Margaret, and Vrsley.

Hero Good Margaret runne thee to the parlour,
There shalt thou find my cosin Beatrice,
Proposing with the prince and Claudio,
Whisper her eare and tell her I and Vrsley,
Walke in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her, say that thou ouer-heardst vs,
And bid her steale into the pleached bowere
Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne,

Forbid

Forbid the sunne to enter: li
Made proud by princes, tha
Against that power that bre
To listen our propose, this
Beare thee well in it, and lea
Marg. Ile make her com
Hero Now Vrsula, whe
As we do trace this alley vp
Our talke must onely be of
When I do name him let it
To praise him more than e
My talke to thee must be ho
Is sicke in loue with Beatrice
Is little Cupids crafty arrow
That onely wounds by hear
For looke where Beatrice lik
Close by the ground, to hea
Enter
Vrsula The pleasantst an
Cut with her golden ores th
And greedily deuoure the t
So angle we for Beatrice, wh
Is couched in the wood-bin
Feare you not my part of the
Hero Then go we neare
Of the false sweete baite that
No truly Vrsula, she is too di
I know her spirits are as coy
As haggerds of the rocke.
Vrsula But are you sure,
That Benedicke loues Beatri
Hero So saies the prince, a
Vrsula And did they bid
Hero They did intreate m
But I perswaded them, if they
To wish him wrastle with af
And neuer to let Beatrice kno